"We gits it comin' en we gits it goin', said the old motorman as he left the plat-

pole bear. Well, I was goin' along F street | stories of keenest humor. near 6th, and the little ice pebbles was blistering my face up, when I see a fellow on the corner wavin' his umbrellar and yellin' for all he was worth. He was cold —I admit that—but I saw him all right and stopped for him; but I couldn't help g. Why don't yer holler murder?' I want to get on the car, he said, 'en I'm going to report you for impertinence, he said. And so he did, to the conductor, who told me, and we both jess laughed. Would you believe it? Just a standin' right on the rail, and I stopped for him, of course; and this other grump, says 'What yer stoppin' fer, yer idgit? I don't want to get on your old ark.' say I was far much happier when I was diggin' graves than I am drivin' a street Thanky, I will take another. These hot

beveridges are very soothing after about fourteen hours in a blizzard."

"It's strange to notice the conduct of people who are affected by fire," remarked a member of the local fire department upon his return from Baltimore. "While the fire was raging in Baltimore people were picking up their effects and running from their buildings with them. They seemed to have but one thought, and that was to get their effects out of their own building Once outside they were apparently satisfied and had but little thought of what they then did with them.

"It was not an unusual sight to see a man deposit a quantity of valuables near a building that was burning, and where they would almost certainly be destroyed. It was for this reason that some of the small losers failed to save anything. One man ran from his house with a mattress on his back, and the covering was blazing. He | boasters who think America the only land danger, and he became very much incens a stream of water was turned upon his blazing burden.

"If people would not get excited in time of fire," the fireman said, "they would be able to save a great deal more property. But most people lose their heads entirely, throw such things as china and glassware from windows and then descend with heavy material that will not break. I remember one case in which a woman threw mirrors and fancy articles from a window and then took a shutter from a window and walked down the steps with it."

"The Life of George Washington; With Curious Anecdotes, Equally Honorable to Himself and Exemplary to His Young Countrymen. By M. L. Weems, Formerly Rector of Mount Vernon Parish, 1808," is the title of a rare old volume at the Library of Congress. It will appeal to the sense of humor of the present-day reader. In this quaint unauthentic history he will find amusement from cover to cover.

The author begins with the boyhood of the father of his country and the famous hatchet story is told, probably for the first time in print, as Mr. Weems says it was related to him some years before by "an aged lady, who was a distant relative, and when a girl spent much of her time in the (Washington) family." "It is," he adds. "too valuable to be lost, and too true to be doubted.

The story, with its original punctuation, is as follows:

When George was about six years old he was made the wealthy master of a hatchet! of which, like most boys, he was immoderately fond; and was constantly going about ately fond; and was constantly going about chopping everything that came in his way.

"One day in the garden where he often amused himself hacking his Mother's peasticks, he unluckily tried the edge of his hatchet on the body of a beautiful English cherry tree, which he barked so terribly, the tree ever got the I don't believe the tree ever got the better of it. The next morning the old gentleman finding out what had befallen his tree.

which by the way, was a great favourite, came into the house; and with much warmth asked for the mischieveous author, declaring at the same time, that he would not have taken five guineas for his tree. Nobody could tell him anything about it. "Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance. "George, said his father. "Presently George and his hatchet made their appearance. 'George,' said his father, 'do you know who killed that beautiful little cherry tree yonder in the garden?'
"This was a tough question; and George staggered under it a moment; but quickly recovered himself; and looking at his father with the sweet face of youth brightened with the inexpressible charm of all-conquering truth he brayely cried out 'I can't tell

ing truth, he bravely cried out. I can't tell a lie, Pa; you know I can't tell a lie. I did cut it with my hatchet.' Run to my arms, you dearest boy,' cried his Father in transports, 'run to my arms; glad am I George, that you killed my tree; for you have paid me for it a thou-

sandfold. Such an act of heroism in my son is more worth than a thousand trees, the blossomed with silver and their fruits of purest gold."

form at the end of his day's work and passed from labor to refreshment in a place not far from the car stable.

"Who gets it?" some one in the place queried.

"Me and the conductor," was the prompt response. "He gits most of the jawing, but we motormen gits our share. I almost wish," said the old fellow, "I almost wish I could go back to my old perfession of gravedigging."

"Wot's eatin' you now, Aaron?" chimed in the man with a white jacket.

"In olossomed with silver and their fitutes of purest gold."

A word or two about the author of this almost forgotten history may prove interesting. The Rev. M. L. Weems was a native of Virginia, an Episcopal clergyman, whose circuit at one time extended over a large portion of Virginia and North Carolina. The circuit rider's life seventy-five years ago was not an easy one, but, though the summer sun poured down its blistering rays or the cold winds of winter swept round the old parson's high-seated gig, still he jogged contentedly along, for he found many drops of sweetness in life's cup. First of all was his cherished fiddle, snugly stored under the old gig's seat.

At all the houses on his large circuit Mr.

in the man with a white jacket.

"It's just this," said the motorman. "You know what a cold day it's been, and I'm nearly froze through and through. It's been cold enough to freeze the nose off a pole bear. Well, I was goin' along F street stories of keenest humor.

As is well known, a large number of citizens are adverse to performing jury service in the several courts in this city because they claim that their business is neglected while they are absent from it. The judges of the courts, however, are considerate, and when a business man can show that his business will be affected by his absence he is excused from that servfew blocks further up there was a fellow ice which every good citizen is liable at any time to be called on to render.

Some of the reasons offered by persons summoned for jury duty are amusing in it goes. Every day there's trouble, and I the extreme, and it was only recently that a well-known business man unconsciously caused considerable laughter in the Police Court, where he had been directed to present himself for possible service on A jury.
After hearing the excuses given by a number of others, each of whom claimed that their business would be neglected and not seeing any one of them excused, he went them one better, and in addition to making a similar plea offered another.

"I have sickness in my family," he explained to the court, "and desire to remain at home as much as possible."
"It's not contagious, is it?" his honor in-"No. sir." he replied, "but I think my presence is needed at home."
"Who is sick?" the judge wanted to

"My mother-in-law," was the answer. The judge decided that the excuse was not sufficient and the man was compelled to take his seat in the jury box.

England's Self-Made Men.

From the St. James' Gazette. England, long disparaged by American boasters, particularly by those American John D. Rockefeller, the farm laborer's son: of Edison, the newspaper boy; of Yerkes, the youthful soap jobber, that we jes' burk off an' "—

room, at that—an' w'en I wasn't tendin' bar, w'y, on cold nights like these I could jes' burk off an' " are apt to forget British giants of perseare apt to forget British giants of perseverance. Livingstone worked as a factory hand until twenty-five; the man who sought workhouse. The great firm of W. H. Smith & Sons was begun by two brothers so poor that the wife of one had to go into do-mestic service. The house of Tangye began in a little workshop, whose rent was but 4s. a week; that of Lever Brothers

The Walking Stick Returns to Earth. had a scarcely more pretentious start at Bolton. A coffee stall on a London curb was the fount and origin of Pearce & Plenty; £700 once formed the total capital of the "universal" Whiteley. Bass' brewery was founded by a carrier; the Elder-Demoster line of steemers by a ghir's ac-Dempster line of steamers by a ship's apprentice, now Sir Alfred Jones. The inventor of Bessemer steel was once a poor, almost starving boy in London, the poorer for having devoted his labor to an inven-tion of whose profits the government robbed him So one might go on through-out the whole range of our industries. It the sergeant and the plain constable life's affairs who have made this nation industrially great, and carried its flag and fame to the ends of the earth.

Had Been Collecting There

From the Atlanta Constitution. Boy-"Git in the loft! Yonder comes a man with a shotgun."

Editor-"Blank cartridges. There ain't money enough in this town to buy buck-

Heirlooms.

From the Detroit Free Press. Mrs. Hatterson-"Mrs. Sparkleton de cended from a glazier, didn't she?"

with her family jewels on. THE HUMORIST AND THE NEW REGULATIONS.

A very large percentage of the persons who were "burnt out by the Baltimore fire" seem, curiously enough, to regard Pennsylvania avenue after nightfall as about the best thoroughfare on which to redeem their broken fortunes. Oddly enough, too, all of them seem to have been reduced to the very last extremities by the disastrous conflagration. The fire, it appears, bereft them of simply everything th. y had in the world. It literally put them on the street, not to say, more colloquially, "on the bum." Another odd feature in connection with these unfortunate individuals is that none of them, by his looks, really ever seems to have had anything to lose. Those Baltimoreans who were "burnt out by the fire" must have been a sorely struggling lot and a queerly unwholesome ad untidy-looking crowd, to

boot.

A man who walked from 7th and the avenue to the treasury building a few evenings ago, to get the benefit of the fine, cold air, was braced by half a dozen beseeching "victims of the Baltimore fire." They wanted but a little. Ten cents was the usual request preferred. All of them, naturally enough, had resorted—judging from their breaths and their shakiness—to drink to drown out the gloomy remembrance of the fire in their bosoms.

"Hey, Cap," said one of them to the stroller, at 11th street and the avenue, "have youse got a dime t' spart f'r a duck wot went t' de dump troo de Baltimore fire?"

The man spoke thickly and he looked cold. He had no overcoat, and his under-coat was buttoned tightly around his neck. He was, in fact, a typical hobo in appear-ance, but the mention of the Baltimore fire caught the stroller's ear.

"Burnt out, hey?" he said to the unfortu-

"Burnt out, hey?" he said to the union to nate. "Suppose you were the owner of a bank or trust company or one of those big wholesale jewelry establishments, eh?"
"Say, quit y'r kiddin', Cap," said the hard-lucker, with a greasy smile, nudging some closer to the stroller. "Bank, nothin'. But I los' me job, hones' I did—look at me hards" extending a pair of ralms that cerhands," extending a pair of palms that cer-tainly were grimy enough to be convincing. "I was a fireman in one o' them big build in's that they had t' blow up wit' dinny-

mite, an' o' course w'en me wages stopped I was on th' blink, see?" "But you've managed to keep a pretty good edge on ever since, at that, ney?" said the stroller, willing enough to "give up." but desirous of letting the panhandler know that he wasn't being fooled up any. "Well, a feller's got t' do somethin' t' fergit his troubles, hain't he?" said the panhandler sentimentally, and he received the dime with a visible joy that was more

than worth the money.

Another one of the same type, furtively looking around to watch the cop out of the tail of his eye, halted the stroller at 12th and the avenue. "Got a dime, boss, that ain't workin'?" he inquired airily, although his teeth were

chattering with the cold. He, too, was the typical panhandler in his exterior. Baltimore fire put you all to the bad, I suppose?" said the pedestrian. The panhandler stepped back and eyed

the stroller with quite sincere-appearing "Boss," he exclaimed, "how did youse "Oh, I just imagined it," said the stroller

"Well, youse is all t' th' good on imaginin', then," said the panhandler, with visible admiration in his eyes. "I sure was put t' th' bad by th' Baltimore fire; put down an' out, in fact. Was workin' at them big malt works that burned down, y'

know. "I thought it might have had something

to do with malt," said the pedestrian, separating himself from another dime, and passed on.

"Judge," said the next one mournfully,
"I hain't had a bed t' sleep in since th'
Baltimore fire—hones' I hain't, and if youse could stake me to a few pennies, why

"Burned out by the Baltimore fire, too were you?" said the stroller. "But I don't remember reading that any homes were consumed by the conflagration — thought only business houses went up in smoke. pay any attention to the shouts of by-standers. The man's life was really in room in the hotel, judge—a comfortable room, at that—an' w'en I wasn't tendin'

> He got the dime, too, and in the course and found him in the wilds was born in a retention of enough change to get him lunches until next payday, he boarded a car and went home, reflecting upon what a hard-drinking lot those Baltimoreans must be.

From the Court Journa.

The fact of the return of the walking stick to earth is a very remarkable one, for it must be approaching fifteen years since walking sticks were used and not worn or merely carried. With the disappearance of the "crutch" the walking stick left the ground. At first it was carried in the right hand, considerably nearer the ferrule than the "top," and, held in this position, was flourished in a most dangerous manner. Before long the hand traveled more amidships, when the action, from flail-like, became a ramming one. Then suddenly the stick was thrust under the left arm, where it remained some years. The advent of the curved or crook handle The advent of the curved or crook handle had its inevitable result. Instinctively man wanted to hook it upon something, and, finding his left arm close at hand, straightway hung it up and created a fashion after the unconscious manner of his kind. Why the walking stick has once his come to the ground, thus to discover more come to the ground, thus to discover the perforated condition of the West End pavement, it is at present impossible to say. It will, no doubt, be remarked, however, that the king has for a year past gen-erally been seen using a walking stick of rather more than usual length, and all sticks are now cut long.

Mrs. Catterson—"Why?"
Mrs. Hatterson—"I saw her last night How "Abide With Me" Was Written. From the London Telegraph.

At the age of fifty-four Lyte found himself doomed to die of consumption, and in serrow at having to leave his task unfinished he prayed that at the least it might be granted to him to write something which would live to the glory of God when he was dead. Then on the last evening he ever spent at Brixham, after preaching his farewell sermon, he took pen, and as the sun was setting over the ships that lay in the harbor "Abide With Me" was written. Next morning he started for the Riviera and there died a month later.

Plymouth Rock.

From the Philadelphia Press. "During one of my visits through the country districts," said the professor, "I happened to reach a small village where they were to have a flag-raising at the school house. After the banner had been 'flung to the breeze' there was an exhibition of drawings which the pupils had made and of the work they had done during the year.

"The teachers recited to them "The Landing of the Pilgrims,' and after she had finished she requested each pupil to try and draw from his or her imagination a picture of Plymouth Rock. "Most of them went to work at once, but one little fellow hesitated and at length

'Well, Willie, what is it?' asked the " 'Please, ma'am, do you want us to draw a hen or a rooster?"

Meat and the Physique.

The improved physique of the Japanese, to which you recently called attention (writes a correspondent) is undoubtedly due to the more generous diet which they have enjoyed of recent years. In the past they enjoyed of recent years. In the past they were vegetarians, more from necessity than choice, and their staple food of rice and pickles, though it made them tough and wiry, stunted their growth. This is proved by comparing the average Japanese with Japanese wrestlers. They come of the same stock, but they seem to be a different race, for their average height must be close on six feet, and their weight something prodigious. They are a curious example of heredity, for some of them can trace their wrestling ancestry back for centuries, and they have always been meat eaters.

ONLY INWARD FIRES CANNOT SUIT ALL ALL HONORHISMEMORY

"It's a good thing that I'm a sort of a happy medium between an Eskimo and a salamander, and therefore, more or less impervious to cold and heat," remarked a government clerk known to his friends for his amiable imperturbability and his disposition to sitp along through life with as little friction, as possible. "Why? Well, the office in which I put in my little old seven a day wbuldn't be a very healthy place for a sensitive plant. It has too great a 'variety of climates,' as the oldashioned geography books used to express it, and the changes of temperature are alloc through all of the vituperation, studiously office, in the progress of a working day. we have all sorts of temperatures. During one hour, for example, you can occasionally close your eyes and, if you have any imagination at all, convince yourself that you are seated on the veranda of a hotel down in Florida, listening to the monoton of the sapphire sea, or words to that general effect. During the next hour you can work your imagination again by closing your eyes and making believe that you are trying to make Dawson City in midwinter and camping out on the windy trail, with the thermometer frozen at about sixty-four degrees below zero. These swift and astonishing changes in the temperature of the room in which I make good to Uncle Samuel for my wages are due to the en-tirely different views which many of the cople in the room entertain as to what constitutes a proper office temperature. That's a subject into which I, myself, never project any humble theories of my own. It's all in the day's work, anyhow, and I just let 'em fight it out among themselves willing apough to endure the themselves, willing enough to endure the shock of the conflict and to tolerate the din of the warfare if they will only go or allowing me to stay out of it and not ask

When we reach the office at 9 o'clock in the morning, on a cold day, the tempera-ture of the office is just about normal and right. The office has been properly venti-lated by the charwomen and the messen-gers and the watchmen, and then the heat has been turned on, so that by the time we reach our desks the office air is pretty sweet and of just about the proper degree of warmth, without being excessively warm, and yet with no suspicion of a chill

"But that condition of the office temperture doesn't last more than two minutes after we reach the room.
"The elderly lady who has been working

in that same office room ever since the grand review of the army in 1865 no sooner sails into the room than she begins to

"'Mercy on us!' she gasps, 'we shall all be baked alive! It's enough to shrivel a body up with the heat, 'deed it is! John, she calls to the messenger, 'Turn off the "She's an ace with John, too, on account

of certain politic little gifts which she tributes among members of his ebony-hued family around the holidays, and so what she says goes with John. He jumps to the valves to turn off the heat, while the elderly lady, even before she removes her gloves or disposes of her black bag or gets her pneumatic chair cushion in order, be-gins to pull down the windows from the top, allowing the icy blasts to sweep

through the room,
"This causes the elderly gentleman who marched in that grand review of the army in 1865, and who has never left Washington since, to minmediately become mussy. He gives a succession of gasping coughs mussiness, and then he goes to the wardobe and gets out his huge belted ulster and puts it on, pulling the immense storm col lar about his ears. Then he sits down at his desk, shuddering and growling in his mustache. The elderly lady regards these movements of his with considerable satis-

'Some people,' she says, addressing the calendar on her desk or some other inanimate object, 'pretend to be so almighty fragile, dear me, it's a wonder they don't just dry up and blow away, 'deed it is!' "By this time the lovely young Titian-haired stenographer, who has been out of the room attending to her tresses, enters the office to find the temperature about thirty degrees lower than it had been about ten minutes before, when she first entered the office from the street.
"'Gracious sakes alive, it's like a barn

in here!' she exclaims, darting a meaning-ful glance in the direction of the elderly lady (who ignores her and never by any chance lets on that she is aware that the Titian-haired stenographer is alive), and then she goes over to the steam heaters and feels of them. Then she feels of the valves. 'Well, no wonder,' she says, 'when the heat is entirely turned off!' and then she turns the heat on again, while the el-derly gentleman, who is sitting huddled up in his ulster in such a position that the elderly lady can't see his moves, goes through the motions of enthusiastically ap-plauding the Titian-haired stenographer with his hands and beams admiringly upon

her.
"The turning on of the heat helps some but not much, seeing that the windows are still lowered from the top. But the lovely young stenographer doesn't quite dare to brave the elderly lady by clapping the windows to, in addition to turning on the heat, contenting herself, when she at length sits down in front of her typewriter, with making sundry and divers encouraging mo tions to the elderly gentleman.

"At length the elderly gentleman jumps up from his desk, after tossing down his pen with an exclamation, and begins to clomp and stomp up and dewn the room, flapping his arms like the driver of a milk wagon going his rounds on a below-zero morning.
"'By fury!' he ejaculates, 'this is wors

than camping out with a construction gang!' And then, still encouraged by the pantomimic contortions of the lovely young stenographer, he boldly grabs hold of the pole and pushes the windows up, keeping his gaze averted from the elderly lady so as not to be impaled upon her baleful glares. "The nerve of these tender flowers!" the

elderly lady contents herself by remarki sarcastically, but she does not immediately precipitate a conflict by again pulling down the windows from the top. She waits a while—until the elderly gentleman has left the room, generally, on an errand down the "Then she emits several suffocating gasps

as if in momentary peril of dying of as-phyxiation, and pulls down the windows again, afterward beckoning to John, the messenger to turn off the heat. "The lovely stenographer, however, sees these beckonings, and, being already in a state of extreme rage over the icy blasts again streaming through the opened win-

again streaming through the opened windows, she says, sharply, to John:
"I don't want you to turn off that heat, so there, now, and I don't care who hears me! If others are so cowed and browbeaten that they are willing to sacrifize their health to suit the cranky notions of just one person in the room, I am not—so there now!"

"Whereupon the elderly lady wheels very

"Whereupon the elderly lady wheels very slowly and deliberately about on her pneumatic air cushion, carefully adjusts her nose glasses, and stares at the lovely young stenographer as if that young person were some new and hitherto unknown specimen of Gila monster, just brought to the department for classification and report. Is the lovely young stenographer feazed thereby? Not much! She returns the elderly lady's haughty stare look for look, and the timid John hustles out of the room, on a by? Not much! She returns the elderly lady's haughty stare look for look, and the timid John hustles out of the room, on a pretended errand, leaving the heat still turned on—John hasn't been wearing his woolly head on his shoulders for three-score years without having learned the wisdom of getting to cover when two women begin to hand each other those penetrating stares! After a while, however, the lovely young stenographer leaves the room, and when she comes back she finds the heat turned off and the windows opened again, and then the whole, performance is gone through all over again, practically the same as before. The elderly lady, the elderly gentleman and ithen lovely young Titianhaired stenographer are the three leading characters in the cast, but it often happens that others in the room, through their tendency to suffer either from extreme heat or extreme cold, project themselves under the spot light, and when these other characters in the perpetual little comedy get busy I'm a-teiling you that it's all hands clear ship for action!

"But while it's going on, and all the rest of the non-combatants in the room are suffering from colds and sneezing all day and stuffing themselves with quinine, I guess I'm not glad that I put in a good many years of my life at sea and that I'm immune from the baneful effects of the most sudden and startling climatic changes!"

"Is she a home missionary?"
"I judge so; her children act like a lot of

"The triumph of Senator Hanna in converting, within the space of a few short years, a very general distrustful public opinion of him into a feeling of admiration and respect and positive affection on the part of men of all shades of political belief or of no political belief at all, was, in my opinion, one of the mightiest ever achieved by an American public man," said a New York correspondent who was on very close terms of friendship with the dead senator. "It was a mightier triumph because it was one for which the senator absolutely did avoided the calcium light, and trusted to the fairness and the good sense of the American people to give him his vindication when they learned to know him better and got around to it. He had implicit confidence in the fairness of the people as a whole, and his confidence was not misplaced. Years ago the country woke up to the fact that Mark Hanna was a manly and great-hearted man, and, during his ill-ness and after his death I did not hear a single expression, even from men whom 1 knew to be prejudiced and even bigoted partisans, that was not sympathetic. "It is a remarkable thing how even cul-tured and fair-minded people in this coun-try will permit themselves to be uncon-sciously swayed by the force of an erro-

neous and unproven public opinion, helped along by the stabbing skill of the cartoon-ist. It cannot be doubted that for several years Mark Hanna was the most stupendously abused man in the world. Even the Sultan of Turkey never came in for such hideous and incessant vituperation as this clean-minded and clean-handed citizen of Ohio. The trouble was that he rose to his full stature at an inopportune time for a just sizing up of him on the part of the public. It was as the good friend of Willpublic. It was as the good friend of William McKinley that he first claimed national attention. The country knew McKinley to be a blameless man, publicly and privately, and this fact put the opponents of the republican party in a quandary. It made their weapons of no use. It bereft them of campaign material. This would never do. They were well aware of the fact that even the most partisan of the square people of the country would never square people of the country would never stand for any cooked-up and wholly groundless attacks on McKinley. They got out of the dilemma by jumping on Mark Hanna, McKinley's first friend. Nobody in the republican party was making any bones of admitting that it was Mark Hanna who had brought about McKinley's nomination—Mcc brought about McKinley's nomination-Mc-Kinley himself never dreamed of denying it—and so the whole attack of the opposition was concentrated upon Hanna. Not much was really known about him, except that he was a capitalist and a pretty scientific politician, and with only this material in hand the campaign knockers went to work.

"It isn't necessary now to say much of what the result of their work was. Hav-ing nothing specific to charge against Hanna, they jumped him on general grounds. They represented him as an uncouth beast, making a plaything of his friend McKinley. They portrayed him as an enemy of honest labor, the grinder of the tolling masses, the arch enemy of the man who had to work with his hands, the calculatingly cruel millionaire with a the calculatingly cruel millionaire with an ingrained love for the sight of human suffering, a sort of unspeakable modern Nero. This sort of thing cut Hanna more than anybody ever knew, but he was silent under the abuse—glad, even, that it was thus made possible for him to draw the fire away from his friend McKinley, the man he loved like a brother. But it hurt, all the same.

"He stood for it like a brave and gallant man, having a prophetic feeling that the hysteria would pass in time, and that the people would come to have a better opinion of him. But he made no effort whatever to coddle public opinion, or to change the im-pression that had first been formed of him. posed great men decrease in stature under the constant public gaze, but Hanna wasn't of that kind. The nearer you got to him the bigger man he was. And the people found

'I freely admit that I shared in a very widespread opinion, at the beginning of Hanna's prominence, that his was a figure calculated to cause untold damage to the republican party. The brutish cartoons of him got me going somewhat. I had met him in a momentary, casual sort of way at a number of republican national conventions, but I really didn't know the man at all. At the outset of the first McKinley campaign I was of the opinion that the republican party was in pretty poor shape when it had to push forward such a rough sort of a Warwick as Hanna was every-

sort of a Warwick as Hanna was everywhere represented to be.

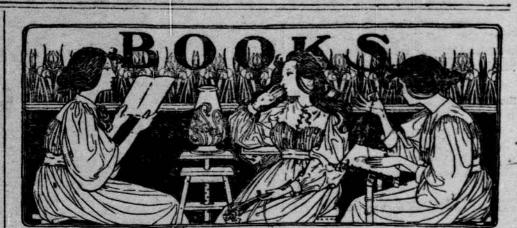
"I was 'doing national politics,' to use a
shop term, for a New York newspaper at
that time, and I can remember the curiosity
with which the gang of political writers
hanging about the Fifth Avenue Hotel
awaited the announced arrival of Mark
Hanna in New York He spent some time awaited the announced arrival of Mark Hanna in New York. He spent some time in New York directing the campaign there from a huge office building on 23d street. When he got to New York the bunch surrounded him at once. All hands had more or less of an idea that the man was uncouth, not to say coarse, as his caricatures represented him, and they studied him shrewdly at first. So did the influential New York state republican politicians who made their headquarters at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. They, before meeting him, shared the idea that it was a misfortune for the party that Hanna had gained such a foothold in its councils. Well, Hanna surprised all hands. He wasn't a handshaker. He did not assume any insincere air of cordiality toward anybody. He didn't seem to be clamorous for any man's friendship. He wasn't any political mixer. He used mighty good and effective English, and he talked mightily to the point. He was a mighty finely groomed man. If he knew that he was under the closest scrutiny that he had ever been subjected to three-bar. he had ever been subjected to throughout his whole life, he didn't show it. He just did what he did throughout his whole pridid what he did throughout his whole private and public career; remained Mark Hanna. And Mark Hanna was, even after a very few days, found to be a mighty likable man. He had a masculinity about him that was captivating. He wasn't a shuffler, but fust all man. The New York gang, writers and politicians, quickly found out that he was dead square, and long before that he was dead square, and, long before the more public evidences of it cropped out. they learned that he would go to the end of the world and then jump off the brink for a friend. And then the gang got to looking forward to little talks with Mark Hanna. He was a nice man to talk to. He rang right. You knew that he saw clean through you, and, if you were on the level you were pleased to be thus appraised at what you considered your rightful value. never made any attempt to fool Mark Hanna, or to cover up anything from him. Nobody ever did that with Hanna and got

away with it.
"Hanna hadn't been in New York a week. that time, at the summer beginning of Mc-Kinley's first campaign, before the whole crowd of political writers, republican and democratic, liked him from his hat to his shoes. They stopped 'roasting' him just as soon as they got to know him right. There was one man, a prominent political writer, who resigned his job with a yellow democratic newspaper rather than comply with the rule of his office that Mark Hanna must be villified by the men 'doing politics' every time his name was mentioned. After Hanna's arrival in New York this writer go into the way of sending in 'straight' copy to his office about Hanna, with no abuse. He was carpeted for this, and asked to explain.

I can't knock Hanna without lying,' the writer explained. 'There's nothing the matter with Hanna. He's a square man. I like him. Everybody that's met him likes him. Go up and meet him and you'll like him yourself. I'm not going to jump him without cause. The picture makers can attend to that end of it if they want to and they're required to, but I don't see it myself.'
"The screws were put on this writer, but, as he was a prominent politician himself.

as ne was a prominent politician himself, and not exactly in need of writing work, he resigned his billet rather than to unjustifiably abuse a man of wholly opposite political faith in whom, however, he quickly recognized all of the component parts of a lovable gentleman. "And they all found that out about Hanna before he died. His was the finest gradual but complete vindication in our political

"No. I left her at home. What's



HER INFINITE VARIETY. By Brand Whit lock, author of "The Thirteenth District." Il-lustrated by Howard Chandler Christy. Deco-rations by Ralph Fletcher Seymour, Indianapo-lis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

This volume is a striking tribute to author, illustrator and publishers. It is of light texture, of a brevity such as seldom calls for the covers of a separate-volume edition, and lacking in the usual elements of the novel. That is to say, it is barely more than an episode. But an episode of significance, withal, and so treated in the scribed could possibly succeed. Others will telling that it acquires the semblance of a prolonged situation. With the aid of the whatever these individual views may be, it illustrator, whose name alone suffices to at- is not to be disputed that this is a strikingtract attention to any work, it commands a distinguished place in this season's early fiction. The publishers on their part have scored a success in thus combining the materials for a charming book, which can be read through in a short time and which is made the more delectable by reason of the many pictures. Seldom, indeed, is a story given so much embellishment. Usually six illustrations suffice for a long novel. This



Brand Whitlock,

Author of "Her Infinite Variety." has twelve. They are reproduced in a new style for book work, being printed by a photogravure method on uncalendered paper, which yields novel results. It may be that to some minds Mr. Christy has con-ceived a rather youngish-looking state senator in Morley Vernon. But it is an undeniable fact that rather young men do get into state legislatures, even in the upper branches. And they occasionally do fly off at tangents such as that which led Morley Vernon, He just went on being himself, that's all. When the clash of campaigns was over, and the people, no longer blinded by the glaring brands of partisanship, began to study the figures of the campaign from a fair and proper perspective, Hanna began to stand out before them in his true light. And he grew with the people from the hour that they first began to know him Same such as that which as the whole the form a state which as the whole the form a state which the form as that which the form a state whic senator from a Chicago district, to espouse the cause of the woman suffragists and de-This particular Amelia is a thoroughly enjoyable type. Against her is strongly contrasted the character of Maria Burley Green—Amelia insists upon calling her "Burlaps"—woman lawyer. And loom-ing large on the horizon is the impressive form of Mrs. Overman Hodge-Lathrop, who will be recognized in all polite circles as one of the master forces of modern society. "Her Infinite Variety" imposes no tax on the mind, and adds pleasantly to the fund of entertainment. It is worthy of success.

> THE ADVENTURES OF ELIZABETH IN RUGEN. By the author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden." New York: The Macmillan Company.

Whoever Elizabeth may be, she has an undeniable power of fascination for those who like their literature not too strenuous, a trifle piquant, a bit sentimental and not "Garden" book she struck a note which reechoed in many hearts. In "The Benefac- the people held a large meeting and voted tress" she tried prolonging a situation and failed to reach her readers with convincing the little bronze figure which he always force. She is at her best in just such a book as this now in hand, a book of personal adventure, not exciting in any degree and never taxing on the imagination or the sympathies. Elizabeth decides to journey around the Island of Rugen, which lies in the Baltic sea, off the coast of Pomerania. None of her women friends will walk with her, and she decides to drive around with her plain-featured maid, a jewel of a woman for such a purpose, for Gertrud has the great virtue of silence. So, in her own carriage she goes, and spends eleven days in Rugen, days of unmitigated delight, save for the personal complications which ensue, cousinly complications chiefly, with an English bishop's wife and son thrown in for variety. There is no story, save as the pursuit of the fleeing Charlotte by Elizabeth and Charlotte's husband, the absent-minded professor, may be regarded as a story. Rugen proves charming in places and desolate in others. It is both cool and hot, silent and shrilly vibrant with the voices of many tourists, comfortable in its appointments and wretched in their lack. But Elizabeth gives it a charm which, while not calculated to draw an American reader across the ocean for a visit, will nevertheless leave pleasant recollections in the days of much book reading. Elizabeth's philosophy never tires, and her quaint humor flashes brightly in unexpected moments to end of give her work a delightful quality.

THE FUGITIVE; Being Memoirs of a Wanderer in Search of a Home. By Ezra S. Brudno. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. The story of Jewish wanderings can never be wholly pleasant, for in the nature of the case there must be much suffering. It | is the fate of the wanderer. In this case, a commingling of fact and fiction, the narrative is distinctly gloomy, but therein lies its unmistakable strength. The theme is the status of the Russian Jew, at home and abroad. The particular strain of the story is the temptation to which the orthodox Jew is exposed to abandon his ancient faith. In Russia he is drawn by fear of official persecution to recant. Even in this official persecution to recant. Even in this country, according to the author, commercial reasons lead him away from the synagogue, and in both continents his heart is beset with beguilements. There is a good deal of discourse in the book regarding the doctrines and practices of the Jews, seemingly addressed to their co-religionists. But aside from that the narrative compels constitutions interest whatever the religious fourtheads. tinuous interest whatever the religious faith of the reader, for it is the tale of the evolution of a human being from the very lowest social depths to a plane of honorable selfsupport. The narrator is left an orphan at tender years in consequence of a cruel act of oppression in Lithuania. He studies the Talmud in the charity schools and advances standily through persistent deavor. A view is given of the whole-he deavor. A view is given of the whole-hearted charity of the Jews of Russia toward their own poor. Scenes are shown of a great village fire, of a religious school, of peasant life, of a massacre in a large town—suggestive of the Kishineff tragedy, which this book seems to have been written in part to emphasize and explain—and finally of life in the Jewish quarter of New York some years ago before tenementhouse reform began to work for the betterment of the slums. A tender love story runs through the work, and there is some show at fictional construction, but the main interest is never drawn away from the theme of Jewish suffering as exemplified in the experiences of Israel Abramowitch, who later becomes Ivan Russakoff to avoid official detection. The story trends toward a

demonstration of the possibility of a union between the Jew and the gentile. It is of a quality to command attention and to enforce conviction of the personal experience of the writer.

WHEN IT WAS DARK; the Story of a Great Conspiracy. By Guy Thorne. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. There are many reasons to reject both the

hypothesis and the conclusions of this novel theme. Many readers will be disposed to deny that such a conspiracy as that dedeclare the results of it to be impossible, but ly strong story, certain if read through to awaken new trains of thought in many minds and to open a vast range of speculations. The proposition briefly is this: An aggressive agnostic, of Jewish origin, manages by dint of shrewd work and unlimited expenditure to foist off upon the world apparent proof that the body of Christ did not rise from the dead, but was surreptitiously removed from the tomb by Joseph of Aramathea and hidden in a secret place; the proof is accepted, the whole system of religion begins to disintegrate and the world experiences a series of awful happenings which shake the foundations of society. The hoax is finally exposed and matters are set right after thousands of lives have been sacrificed to fanatical fury and to criminal passions. Casting aside the question of probability or possibility, the fact remains that the story is impressive, being well told, with perhaps an undue tendency toward sensationalism here and there. The foundation of the hoax is well laid, and the forces of good and evil are squarely lined up, headed by the persons of Basil Gortre—an exceedingly awkward name, by the way—a curate of the Church of England and Constantine Schuab, millionaire and hater of Christianity. Incidentally a glimpse is afforded of the inner workings of English journalism, which is suggestive of a re-markable degree of order, system and thor-oughness. The book is likely to provoke controversy.

HENDERSON. By Rose E. Young, author of 'Sally of Missouri." Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Washington: William Ballantyne &

Miss Young signs this book with her first name spelled out, thus relieving the businesslike masculinity of the "R. E. Young" who produced "Sally of Missouri." This is a wise move, for Miss Young is likely to be heard from frequently, and it is due to her and her admirers that her personality be thoroughly established. "Henderson" 's composed of several short stories about the same group of characters which have appeared in the Atlantic Monthly during the past year. It was evidently not Miss Young's purpose originally to expand her story, but short sequels followed in logical sequence and now they are assembled into sequence, and now they are assembled into a somewhat sutured but nevertheless coma somewhat sutured but nevertheless com-plete whole. It is the tale of the love of a young physician for a woman who is already married, his unswerving loyalty to her husband, who becomes his best friend and ultimately his most exacting patient. The husband is killed by the fall of a tree in the course of a Missouri storm, and later, in accordance with all previous indi-cations. Henderson marries his widow and the book ends with wholly logical and satisfactory happiness in prospect. As a study in fidelity "Henderson" is an eminent success. It slightly suggests "The wife." But it is shorter and less discursive and in many more satisfactory than that tale. plays a familiarity with medical matters which gives the narrative the appearance There is nothing of realism. There is nothing finer in re-cent fiction than the second chapter, which describes a surgical operation without in any degree harrowing the sensibilities of

NOTES OF BOOKS AND AUTHORS. Auguste Sabatier, author of "Religions of Authority" (McClure-Phillips), always had on his desk when writing a little bronze figure of an Alsatian woman. He was a citizen especially loved by the people of Alsace because of his efforts to preserve the French spirit and language in Alsace after the Franco-Prussian war by preachoverburdened with construction. In the ing and lecturing. When he was driven out of the town by the German authorities him a testimenial which took the form of kept with him.

"The Shame of the Cities" is the title "The Shame of the Cities" is the title under which McClure-Phillips will publish in book form the articles on municipal corruption by Lincoln Steffens, which appeared in McClure's Magazine during the last year and aroused so much interest. The volume is announced for publication about the middle of this month. It will have a preface in which the author surveys the subject of municipal corruption as a whole. municipal corruption as a whole

The announcement came from Boston during the current week that the Lothrop during the current week that the Lothrop Company, which has been for some time past supplying the book market with excellent material, has been forced to make an assignment, with liabilities estimated at \$150,000. A material cause of the failure of the house was the collapse a short time ago of a Boston bank with which the Lothrop establishment had close relations. It is believed that arrangements will be made to continue the business after the inmade to continue the business after the in-debtedness has been readjusted.

The show windows of Brentano's, in this city, have for several days held an attractive display consisting of the original drawings by W. Benda from which the successful romance, "Uther and Igraine." by Warwick Deeping (Outlook Company). was illustrated. These drawings are in crayon and have proved of much interest to students of the illustrative art.

The admirers of that charming novel, "Our Lady of the Beeches," published last season, will welcome Baroness Von Hutten's new story, "Violett," which has just come from the press of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. It deals with the career of a young musician, and is said to be intensely sympathetic in its development of a fascinating

Popular interest in the far east, stimulated by the war between Japan and Russia, has already resulted in an unusually large output of books concerning both of those countries, and now the turn of Ko-rea has come. The publishers' announce-ments at present in hand include no less than three books, either just off the press or about to issue. One of these is de-scriptive and two are works of fiction. "The Queen of Quelparte," by Archer Butler Hulbert (Little, Brown & Co.), is a story of Russian intrigue in the far east, de-scriptive in that form of the Russian temporary acquisition of Korea in 1897. The author was editor of the Korean Independent, published at Seoul, and thus gained his acquaintance with the politics of that now war, ridden region at first least the second of the control of

now war-ridden region at first hand. His novel was one of the successes of the latter part of last year.

The other story of Korea, by James S. Gale, is soon to come from the press of Fleming H. Revell Company. It also is heared upon a foundation of personal observed upon a foundation of personal observed. based upon a foundation of personal ob-servation, and deals with the trials of a missionary in the land of the hermit na-tion. It does not trend upon the political

field.

From the Scribner press is soon to appear a book by Angus Hamilton under the suggestively inclusive title "All About Korea." Mr. Hamilton was for two years correspondent in the far east of the Pall Mall Gazette, and in this work describes the country and people of Korea with a direct hearing upon the important part that region is now playing in the politics of the world.

Miss Mary Johnston, author of "Audrey" and "To Have and to Hold," plans to sail for the Mediterranean this month and ex-

Richard Harding Davis says that he is going to devote the next five years to play-

Victim (rather dazed)-"Let me see, now; all I've got to do is